

ERIK/FA

THE OTHER WOMAN



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APRIL·MAY 1973

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We manage to get the paper out with volunteer workers - but we still have to pay for printing, postage, and supplies. We receive no grants and are almost totally dependent upon the contributions of those who receive the newspaper. There is no fixed subscription rate so that all who need the paper can have it. (We suggest \$2.00 per year) We just ask that you help - do the best you can.

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**STATION Q
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Editorial.

We've had comments from women indicating that they assumed *The Other Woman* reflected exactly the views and politics of the paper collective or of the Women's Place. We would like to clarify any confusion by saying firstly that *The Other Woman* does not represent Women's Place politics although individual women there may in fact agree with article content. Further we may ourselves have reservations about the bias or content of some articles or news items reprinted from male-dominated reactionary papers. For example, in this issue we have circled some questionable words and phrases on our news page. In this instance we feel that the news should of itself be communicated to readers but we are extremely critical of the frequently patronising slant inherent in the terminology. Where there is disagreement about the content of articles editor's notes have been appended. Criticism or comments about articles that have been signed are best directed to the authors themselves.

We welcome comments and criticism on our paper and would like to print reactions to specific articles on the letter page, as well as suggestions for articles in areas of interest to other women with which we have not yet dealt.

WHERE TO FIND THIS PAPER

Abortion Co-alition
Book Cellar
Bakka
Book Centre
Bookworld
Baldwin Street Gallery
CHAT
Crunch
Chuck's Variety
Daycare Centre
Don Vale Community Centre
Gandalf's Garden
Goldberries Food Store
Glad Day Book Store
Longhouse Bookstore
Me And My Friends
Mother's Sandwiches
Minnie Pearl's Health Foods
Mind and Sight Gallery
Olympia Books

96 Gerrard St. E.
142 Yorkville
730 Yonge
286 Queen St. W.
657 Yonge
279 Davenport
23 Baldwin St.
58 Cecil St.
26 Oxford
119 Wellesley
Devonshire
80 Winchester
2239 Dundas St. W.
14 Wellesley St. W.
4 Kensington

630 Yonge
237 Queen St. W.
289 Collegé
555 Parliament
587 Yonge

Oasis
The Pant Bin
P.D.M. Grocery
Round Reco.
SCM Books
Times Square Books
Third World Bookstore
T.O. Truckin' Co.
Tree Of Life
U of T Bookstore
Varsity Books
Vanguard Bookstore
Volume One
Village Bookstore
Whole Earth Natural Foods
Whole Earth Truck Store
Word For Word Bookstore
The Women's Place
Yellow Ford Truck

York University Bookstore

89 Harbord
3028 Bloor W.
110 Bloor W.
Rochdale
369 Yonge
Walton & Bay
1611 Queen St. W.
83 Nicholas
324 Bloor St. W.
334 Queen St. W.
427 Spadina
118 Yorkville 2nd F.
163 McCaul
Robert & Sussex
78 Gerrard W.
31 Dupont
Rochdale
39 Baldwin St.

calendar

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
APRIL 15 Natalie's Pictures at Baldwin St. Gallery to April 20.	16	17 W.I.T.C.H. Hexon United Fruit Co.	18 Lecture on Rape at Albion-Kipling Community Center	19	20 Lesbian Drop-In at 31 Dupont St.	21 Lyola Huggard b.1904. Mining Expert
22	23 Bernadette Devlin b.1947	24	25	26 Selma James + Maria DelaCosta at Medical Auditorium UofT. 7:30 P.M.	27 PS PLACE: Lesbian Drop-In Lecture: Sex-Role research in Psychology BLACK & IN CITIES, 1989 BLOOM	28 2 EUROPEAN FEMINISTS: SELMA JAMES + MARIA DELLA COSTA 31 DUPONT ST. 10-2 PM
b.1797 29 Mary Wollstonecraft Feminist.	Natalie's Pictures 30 1903 Dr. Emily Stowe 1st & Dr. in Canada. Founder Suffragist Org.	MAY 1 1830 b. Mother Jones MAY DAY	2	3	4 1689 Dela Rethrie set sail for Canada. Lesbian Drop-In	5
1894 6 Helen Kinnear 1st F JUDGE IN CANADA	7	8	9 1912 Margaret A. MacDonald	10 1929 Aletta Marty 1st & School Inspector	11 Mother's Day Lesbian Drop-In 1970 Abortion Cavalcade takes over House of Commons	12
13	14	15	16	17	18 Lesbian Drop-In PLANNING MEETING FOR LESBIAN CONFERENCE	19 1953 Muriel Ferguson appointed to Senate.
1861 20 Ellen Russell Massacred Missionary	21	22	23	24 Queen Victoria's Birthday	25 Photos from N Africa by Pat Borque at Baldwin St. Gallery to June 18th / Lesbian Drop IN	26 1938 Theresa Stratos Opera Singer 1830b. LOUISE MITCHELL GAYLON WOMEN'S FESTIVAL
1974 27 R.J. Doyle Started 1st F's Prohibition League 1878 b. Isadora Duncan	28	29	30	31	JUNE 1 Lesbian Drop-In 1843 Sojourner Truth begins Abolitionist work	2 1941 Cora Casselman 1st Federal & Liberal M.P.
3	4	5 1896 Lillian Freeman Raised \$ for Jewish Children	6	7	8 Women's Film Fest. to JUNE 17th Lesbian Drop-In	9
1904 10 Jean Bannerman wrote Leading Ladies of Canada 1639-1967	11	12	13	14	15 Lesbian Drop-In " CONFERENCE PLANNING	16
						JUNE 30 LESBIAN CONFERENCE

We thought this was an interesting example of discrimination against women in medicine:---

The Case of a Woman Doctor in Paris, 1322.

Witnesses were brought before us... in the inquisition made at the instance of the masters of medicine at Paris against Jacoba Felicie and others practicing the art of medicine without the knowledge and authority of the said masters, to the end that they be punished, and that this practice be forbidden them...

Jean Faber, living near the tower in Paris... said that he knew the said Jacoba, because she had done well by him... he was suffering from a certain sickness in his head and ears at a time of great heat, that is, before the feast of the nativity of St. John (June 24), and that the said Jacoba had visited him and had shown such great care for him that he was cured by the potations she gave him and by the aid of God.

The Lord Odo de Cormissiac, a brother of the hospital of Paris, a witness, said that when, around the feast of the nativity of St. John, he had been seized by a severe illness, to such an extent that his own limbs could not support him... Master Jean, who lives with this Jacoba, gave him a purgative, and they prepared many baths and bandages for him, and anointed him very often. They worked over him with such great care that he was completely restored to health. They also gave him herbs, that is, camomile leaves, melilot, and very many others.



Jeanne, wife of Denis called Bilbaut, living in the Rue de la Ferronarie in Paris answered on oath that around the feast of St. Christopher (July 25), just passed she had been seized with a fever, and very many physicians had visited her in the said illness. And she was so weighed down by the said illness that on a certain Tuesday around the said feast, she was not able to speak, and the said physicians gave her up for dead. And so it would have been, if the said Jacoba had not come to her request. When she had come she inspected her urine and felt her pulse, and afterward gave her a certain clear liquid to drink, and gave her also a syrup, so that she would go to the toilet. And Jacoba so laboured over her that by the grace of God she was cured of the said illness.

These are the arguments which Jacoba said and set forth in her trial...

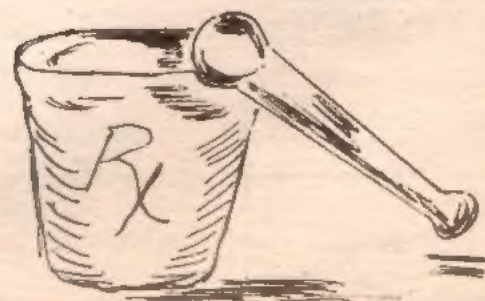
The said Jacoba said that if the statute, which the said dean and masters are trying to use against her, Jacoba, had ever been made, this had been only once, on account of and against inexperienced fools.. From their number the said Jacoba is excepted, being expert in the art of medicine and instructed in the precepts of the said art.

Also the said statute had been made against foolish usurpers who were then exercising the office of practice in Paris, and who are either dead or so ancient and decrepit that they are not able to exercise the said office, as it appears from the tenor of the said statute, which was made a hundred and two years ago, at which time the said Jacoba was not, nor was she for sixty years afterwards, in the nature of things; indeed, she is young, thirty or thereabouts, as it appears from her aspect...

Also, it has been ascertained and thus proved, that some sick persons of both sexes, seized by many severe illnesses and enduring the care of very many expert masters in the art of medicine, have not been able to recover at all from their illnesses... And the said Jacoba, called afterwards, has cured these sick persons in a short time, by an art which is suitable for accomplishing this.

From The Portable Medieval Reader, ed., James Bruce Ross and Mary Martin McLaughlin, Viking Press.

SUBMITTED by JANICE SPERRY



JACOBAS INQUISITION

BE A KELLEY GIRL: BE EXPLOITED

"Be a Kelly Girl," "\$\$\$\$\$," say the temporary office help ads. "Receive a cheque" Variety, plush office, young boss" - these are the things they offer. On the other hand you are expected to be "dynamic, energetic, possess a pleasing personality" and above all be "ATTRACTIVE" -- all for \$85 a week.

The work a temp does varies tremendously. Because she is hired on a limited basis she can get stuck with such boring tasks as typing row upon row of figures, or she may be asked to fill a very busy, interesting position. She may find herself welcomed by a friendly staff or may be left alone at break-time. In any case, she learns to never expect the same situation twice, and to be prepared for anything. Some people are temps because they are students or housewives and this fits in well with other commitments, some are looking for permanent work in a small competitive field such as acting, and others, like me, enjoy travelling and just don't want the same routine year after year.

I first started temp work in 1968. Over the years I have worked in Kansas City, San Francisco, Toronto, and London, England. At first I earned the minimum wage and all the assignments seemed to consist of filing or something equally boring in grotty offices. Now I receive a good salary for doing an interesting job. I have changed--my skills are better and I am more demanding in the jobs I will take. But the industry has changed too. It has recognized the fact that temps are valuable, they are needed, and it must compete to get them.

In 1970 I started doing temp work for the provincial government, where the rates are higher and the jobs usually more interesting. Once I was assigned for 3 months to the Premier's office. At this time I was reading Sisterhood is Powerful and getting really excited about women's liberation. Most of my attempts to get other women interested were ignored, but it was obvious that some of the things I said set people thinking. One day a big red-faced fellow who was supposed to be my superior called me "pretty little thing" - again - and I asked him to please not refer to me that way. "Doesn't it flatter your ego?" he asked. "My ego

doesn't require that kind of reinforcement," I said. His mind was blown. He detained me for twenty minutes defending himself, came in again during my coffee break, much to my supervisor's chagrin, who couldn't believe I was having an argument with the boss and winning, and bugged me again after work. He finally concluded I must have had "bad experiences with men." I agreed I had.

At Christmas I went to work for the municipal government and noticed quite a jump in salary. This, I later learned, was because city office workers are unionized under the Canadian Union of Public Employees. Right on! Last spring I started working evenings to save for a trip to Europe with a big well-advertised firm. For all their claims of helping women, this agency is the worst in my experience. The atmosphere there is critical and aggressive, and I was given the most offensive literature I've ever seen in a job situation. These brochures reminded me to use a deodorant, be a good listener, to dress conservatively because "a man never marries a flashy woman and rarely hires her". Also that "most employers are men," "every modern woman needs make-up" and that "appearance is even more important than exceptional skills." These people were absolute vultures.

Back in Toronto after a beautiful three months in Europe I decided to try public business assignments again. This resulted in some of the most radicalizing work experiences I've ever had.

First off, I was sent to the personnel office of a well-known Canadian retail chain. I hadn't been there an hour when the secretary said, "I've been trying to get a permanent girl for your position for months." "Funny," I said. "it seems there is a lot of unemployment." "Yes, she said, "but it's mostly men who are looking for jobs." "Why not hire a man for this position?" I asked. "Well," came her incredible reply, "first of all a man couldn't live on the wages this job pays, and secondly, I would be his superior and no man would take orders from a woman!" CLICK! What followed was a beautiful consciousness raising rap between us that lasted the entire week I was there.



The next assignment, at a bank, was not so good. The manager, a complete stranger, greeted me with "Hi doll." I clenched my teeth and gave him my iciest personality while he set me to work typing envelopes. This lasted two days during which time I observed that all the "drones" were women presided over by two revolting lack-lustre men. No one took coffee breaks but I was docked 15 minutes for getting lost in the building on my first day. I couldn't help comparing conditions here with the old milling industry where women were exploited in the early days. Working conditions for women really haven't changed very much since then.

A very strange thing occurred one afternoon--a very well dressed woman was found lying on the floor in the office of the absent head executive, conscious but in a very excited state. All efforts to help her were rebuffed, so that soon the bank was full of building police, Metro police, and firemen. The woman was obviously having a nervous breakdown and began screaming and resisting when attempts were made to take her away. At last she was taken out on a stretcher as grey old men in grey suits made jokes. But I thought



(cont. p.)

I felt a collective shudder, a suppressed apprehension among the women. I know for certain I felt it myself. There was something subliminally eloquent about seeing a woman so well groomed and obviously wealthy breaking down under some invisible load; her handbag, her cigarettes, her jewelry--every woman's accoutrements--suddenly deserted and meaningless.

The manager asked me to stay longer but I said I had another assignment, as an excuse to, hopefully, get a better assignment. But, no luck. The next place was a small conglomerate of companies dealing in, no kidding, French perfume, household cleaners, and cement! Several times a day I had to deliver messages to the warehouse section and this always involved facing a barrage of comments about my anatomy. Everyone there seemed preoccupied with sex. The glib salesmen were impossibly aggressive, but they were encouraged by the women who, when serving coffee, would say in the most suggestive voices, "Is there anything else you would like?"

It was discovered one day that I was reading feminist literature. This produced some very bitter anti women's liberation comments, which led me to attack the speaker as someone who couldn't exist without a father, a husband, and a boss to tell her what to do. This produced further discussion which, though upsetting to all of us, seemed to lessen some tension and spark the beginning of friendliness.

On another occasion the women were all allowed to see a film on the famous French designer who headed the firm. This man has a view of women which requires them to be works of art in physical appearance. Here we sat, six working women, mostly "overweight", doing the best we could with off-the-rack clothes and dime-store cosmetics, getting the story on what we should look like. I got angry and I could feel the other women getting depressed. Everyone walked out of the screening room sighing. Two said, "I'm skipping lunch." Someone asked me what I thought of the film and I said "economic exploitation" and tried to relate the manniken image to the sale of goods, and the fact that the designer and the company executives are men, while we in the lowest power and economic strata are women. This was rejected by a woman I thought tremendously talented and capable. "If I wanted to, I could be an exec," she said. To me this was obvious, but why didn't

she want to be was something we had no time to discuss.

Soon after this I left office work and took four months off. I had had enough. I just couldn't take any more orders from men and couldn't handle what seemed to me the hopeless situations of the women around me. I did crafts for a boutique, volunteered at the Women's Place, and did a lot of reading and relaxing.

Then in February I went to the Committee on the Royal Commission on the Status of Women meeting at the O'Keefe Centre. Provincial Minister Robert Welch of the Secretariat for Social Development, in charge of implementing the report in Ontario, was one of the speakers. The next day I decided (my budget decided) it was time to go back to work. I phoned up the agency and they sent me--of all places--right to his office! It is by no means perfect here but there is a BIG difference. There is a team atmosphere and staff meetings are held so that everyone feels involved in current projects. There are women policy makers and less chauvinism towards clerical staff--mostly because the women themselves won't take it. It has been a great surprise for me to find others who feel as I do about office politics--I don't feel like a visiting weirdo anymore! We spend a lot of time talking about liberation here and I am hoping that soon these casual conversations will evolve into regular rap groups.

Certainly there is a long way to go both here and in the industry in general. But change has begun.

by Janice

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

	I am an hysterical typo
A	I work in a pool with
	Other hysterical types
DROWNING	It's got a glass top
	There is no escape
TYPIST	From eyes looking down
	To me below
N. Logeman	Who needs a hypo
	Because I am
	An hysterical typo
	Who works
	In a pool
	With no
	Bottom



SISTERS

Dear Madam,

We are writing to you in regards to Anduhyaun, a house at 106 Spadina Road in Toronto. It is a native girls' residence which is being run by a group of Indian women.

Until July last year it was administered by the YWCA with funds supplied by Indian Affairs for a three year period.

As it was about to close as a pilot project, a committee of Indian women was formed to try and save it. The committee gathered funds from many sources such as churches and interested individuals as it would no longer be supported by Indian Affairs Department.

This month we have run into financial difficulties and have tried to publicize our predicament to get funds coming in to keep the house going.

The Ontario government has come up with a promise of \$1,000 which we will use until it runs out but the house has a working budget of \$37,000 annually with or without the rooms being filled to capacity.

The residence has beds for 14 girls and accomodation for more in an emergency. There have been a staff of three Indian women full-time and a part-time worker. Since the committee has taken charge of the residence, 90 girls have stayed for a period of time there.

We have no doubt about the necessity for such a residence as so many native girls coming into the city are not prepared for the alienation and the cultural upheaval which results.

We have to this time been helped in administering funds by the Native Canadian Centre but it was a temporary arrangement and we are now on our own to struggle with problems of funds coming in, staffing the house, etc. while the process of becoming incorporated as a charitable organization goes on.

Application for funding from government takes time and we are desperately in need of interim funding.

We have hopes that you may have money at your disposal which would help the door open and the residence available to Indian

money at your disposal which would help keep the door open and the residence available to Indian girls.

Anduhyaun has many worthwhile projects within its framework, cultural and recreational as well as educational but the main aim is always to provide a house in the city where a girl can be assisted in making adjustments.

Yours truly,
The Anduhyaun Native
Women's Committee
106 Spadina Road

INDIAN DANCE -- FRIDAY, APRIL
27 AT 8P.M., 49 ELM STREET.

MYSTIFICATION OR HOW WOMEN OBJECTIFY OTHER WOMEN

Stereotyping

(1) Woman as "Mother Type":

The Woman-Feminine Image is to be compassionate and understanding because that is by nature Woman; optimistic about the present, keeping a cheerful smile on one's face through all trials and tribulations in order to support everybody else ---guilt-ridden about everything but that which pertains to oneself ---and struggle in relation to others. (Earth Mother).

Woman as "Political Type":

The Woman-Masculine Image is to be supportive from a political context; i.e., a sense of duty towards Sisterhood (free our Sisters, free Ourselves); optimistic about the future-- revolutionary vision; analytical (a suppression of emotion); and a constant struggle to find and improve upon one's inner self through revolutionary ideals.

But neither one is superior or complete on its own. Whereas the "Mother Type" must learn to be more analytical towards one's self and one's actions, the "Political Type" must also learn to be less self-sufficient and less emotionally isolated without, however, giving up one's political perspective. The two types are not mutually exclusive.

(2) Passive and Active Woman:

If one speaks and acts in a manner that denotes strength and assertiveness, then one is seen as a "heavy". (Of course, aggressiveness is bad when it takes on a male definition in failing to be supportive or in exercising the power of leadership. So, there is a fad current that women should not be aggressive and should tone down their usual habits out of fear of alienation and domination.)

In any event, we will concentrate on how others perceive us and how we perceive them. No one person is a total anything. Aggressive women can be weak, warm and loving but, most often, once one has been labelled a certain way, then one must live up to that. It can also be turned round in relation to passive women. Being passive does not necessarily mean that it cannot be broken, that one cannot be strong. An ordinarily passive woman is sometimes not given the opportunity to move ahead because she is not listened to, her ideas rejected as not valid. (They couldn't possibly be right, or good, ideas, or an aggressive woman's ideas are more right because she is seen as an "idea" person.) But, there again, we should begin to re-define some traditional truths. Does passivity need to be broken? For instance, the act of writing this was not active in the usual sense of the word, but it was not passive, either.

Women have mixed feelings when one suddenly steps out of her assigned role. It would certainly

prove one's image of a passive or aggressive woman to be superficial and destroy the preconceived idea that one must be either this or that but never both. It is too much for even feminists to take in stride when an aggressive, analytical woman tears apart the rôle forced upon her by actually letting down a wall or two to show hurt, love or anger.

Through the process of defining our sense of self, one can be all things-- if one wants. (But only if it is desirable to that individual.) However, it remains to be seen if women in the Movement let us.

(3) Heterosexual and Lesbian Woman:

An yes! Is one a woman first and foremost? Or do we define ourselves and others through sexuality? A Lesbian may never define herself as anything but a woman until she has decided to be open about her sexual preference in working with her heterosexual feminist sisters. Then one is forced through the interaction to see that, yes, there is a difference. Pitted, almost, one against the other with a position to uphold-- each seeing the other as more than a woman. A Gay Woman,

listening to the total person articulating the ideas and taking out (of context) the words used that would best fit that stereotype. Relationships are so easy with Bubbles.

Fear/Approval

Women with skills that are not usually female are mystified by both fear and approval. Fear by putting her at a distance and making demands on her that, as a total person, she is unable to meet; and approval, by seeing her as someone special, a terribly important person, wanting to say the "right" thing or constantly trying to be in the immediate vicinity of that woman in order to catch some word of wisdom. The fear is less understandable than the approval. The woman who is feared in this way is used as a scapegoat for all one's inabilities to cope on a personal and political level, and she can be held responsible for any current political catastrophe as she is the one person women automatically look to for leadership.

Now this is a real objectification-- refusing to see that we all grow at our own speed.

Unfortunately, this all happens through the lack of insight into



a Straight Woman -- always a label. Political, Active, Straight Woman. Motherly, Passive Lesbian-- well, I suppose there are some!

These are, off the top of my head, three opposing categories (yes, always divisions!) of how we stereotype and mystify ourselves. Do you know of more?

Bubbles

One can take either of the above three roles for each woman to whom they choose to relate by a very apt word--"bubbles". Bubbles on our ears-- a protection or filter which allows us to hear certain words and close off others. There are things we don't want to hear because they are coming from the wrong stereotype or else because the words indicate a pressure not willing to be faced. Naturally, one hears but without

relationships. Which is a lack of (or fear of?) breaking down the specially-conditioned, innumerate and alienating (read: male) way of relating to others and daring to try out a totally new approach to human (read: female) relationships. Sex-role stereotyping can only be relegated to the dust-bin thru honesty, trust and a willingness to dare to hurt. And sex-role stereotyping exists (believe it or not!) between woman and woman. In essence, relating to women as total people is a start in the right direction to eliminating all sex roles, be they male or female.

It leads one to think that C.R. Groups should be started for seasoned feminists who think that they are more, or less, together than others.

Note: See my article on "Walls" in issue #2 on communicating honestly with ourselves.

BY
PAT
LESLIE

SMASH PHALLIC IMPERIALISM



Sex is an institution. In an oppressive society like amerika, it reflects the same ideology as other major institutions. It is goal-oriented, profit & productivity oriented. It is a prescribed system, with a series of correct & building activities aimed toward the production of a single goal: climax.

It's also a drag. For women, in a culture based on our oppression, heterosexual sex is a product we have had to turn out. To encourage us, we are given two minutes of this, a few moments of that, a couple minutes at some thing else... all aimed towards the Great Penetration and the Big Come. There is great pressure to have an orgasm. Sex without orgasm is a failure, it's a drag, it's incomplete, and very very sad. (Just like marriage is not real until it is "consummated").

Because of phallic imperialism built upon Freud's ignorance of the female body, orgasm is supposed to come from intercourse. That's just terrific for boys, but since our orgasm-producing organ is the clitoris, external to the vagina - contradicting capitalist sexist physiology - many women don't produce the appropriate orgasm thru heterosexual. By that criteria they are frigid.

I'm a lesbian. A lot of people can't figure out "what we do", how we make love without a penis around for final consummation. A lot of boys have these ideas of dildos and bananas. Sex as an institution is so totally tied up with the penis and its goal that boys assume there must be some poor substitute for their noble item.

I always hated sex with men. The pressure of the goal, the rigidity of the process and end was always totally unsatisfactory. Whenever I hear the word 'sex', all those shitty experiences I had with men come to mind. I cannot separate the word 'sex' from the phallic tyranny I suffered from for so many years.

For me, coming out meant an end to sex. It's dead and gone in my life. I reject that institution totally. Sex means oppression, it means exploitation. It serves the needs of boys. It has little to do with pleasure for the greatest mass of oppressed people: women.

Physical contact and feelings have taken a new liberatory form. And we call that sensuality. The women's movement in general, especially at the beginning, and gay feminism now is a fantastically sensual experience for me.

I love my body and the bodies of my sisters. Physicality is now a creative, non-institutionalized experience.

It is touching and rubbing and cuddling and fondness. It is holding and rocking and kissing and licking. It's only goal is closeness and pleasure. It does not exist for the Big Orgasm. It exists for feeling nice. Our sensuality may or may not include genital experience, that may or may not be the beginning or the ending of the experience. It may be anywhere or nowhere.

To make good love with women, I don't want to have to 'produce' anything. Except pleasure. And that can be at any level or in any form. The sensuality I feel has transformed my politics, has solved the contradiction between my mind and my body because the energies for our feminist revolution are the same as the energies of our love for women.

When we feel good about someone we may sleep together. That could mean a lot of things from hugs to climax to cuddling to being very close but not touching. If we feel good in a group we may have a pajama party, which would be called an 'orgy' inside the institution of straight sex. That could be a genital thing or not. We are free to act without pressure. - I refuse to feel like I must make a decision about whether to "put out" or not. There is no such thing as putting out among us. There is no set physical goal to our sexuality. There is no sex.

The whole language is oppressive. It is white male-oriented and heterosexual. One word that must go is "sex" because that describes a way of being physical that can only draw up very bad memories for a lot of us. We must use it only in referring to that oppressive institution not to any new forms we are developing.

Having sex means accepting a set of criteria for "success" that we did not set up and develop among ourselves.

Sensuality is formless and amorphous. It can grow and expand as we feel it. It is shared by everyone involved. It isn't something one puts out for another. Sex with boys was like doing alienated labor so that one with power could make good profit of my surplus labor. Sexuality with women is a collective experience growing out of our struggle.

Smashing the notion of sex, getting away from these concepts so intimately tied up with the penis, helps us destroy roles. One thing we realize in our group of gay feminists is that the word "lover" doesn't describe anything for us anymore. It's very hard to tell who is who's lover, because that is a condition determined by genital contact in our society. But among us we have a very brazen set-up. I don't sleep with the same women every night. I might cuddle with one sister tonight because we were together and felt close and I might crash on some mattress with a bunch of women tomorrow because we all danced together half the night.

If your lover is someone you feel emotional and physical attractions to and where there is some kind of mutual commitment, then we are surely the biggest group of floozies in town. It's so wonderful. Without that kind of exclusive coupling, sex and lovers breed; people cannot fall into traditional roles so easily. Because each time you sleep with someone you have to make the decision that time. Dependent exclusionary relationships take away free will. It becomes an institutionalized habit to sleep together regularly and there is not usually a fresh decision each time.

Amongst us, our getting together is dependent on the reality of the present,

not on the promises of before. Sensuality is something you want your best friends to feel and act on with your other best friends. Sex is something you want power and territorial rights over. Sex is localized in the pants and limited by that. Sensuality is all over and grows always. Sex is pinpointed in the pants because the penis is there and the penis is, if not the material source, the material basis for power in amerika.

If you don't have capital you get fucked over by those who do. Unless you attach yourself to someone who has it so that you can serve them in exchange for protection (known as marriage). Sperm is coin. And that whole system of exchange necessarily excludes us as lesbians. We can't pretend that those few flaps of skin that make up the masculine apparatus are just a few objective ectodermal gatherings. That stuff is the proof of a right to have access to privilege. Some boys reject that privilege, but they always have the possibility of whipping it out in an emergency and asserting their privilege.

We are building a revolution which isn't based on such drivel. And we must have a new language and aesthetic to describe it. Lesbianism is not a sexual perversion: it has nothing to do with sex. It is not another way to "do it": it is a whole other way to have contact. Sex is a phallic term and we are involved in building a humane world. It's like when people talk about being bisexual it blows my mind. It's like saying that if you have an apple and an orange you have two apples because they're both fruits.

Heterosexuality and lesbianism are two forms of physical contact. But that's as far as the similarity goes. I sleep with women, make love with women, am a woman, a lesbian. But I don't have sex with anyone.

If I had sex, I could have it with a boy, but that would be a whole other trip from what I am feeling about my gay sensuality. It would be another experience altogether, not a different form of gay sexuality. I would be reentering an institution, the structure of which is inherently oppressive to me. Although particular experiences might be of reasonable fun.

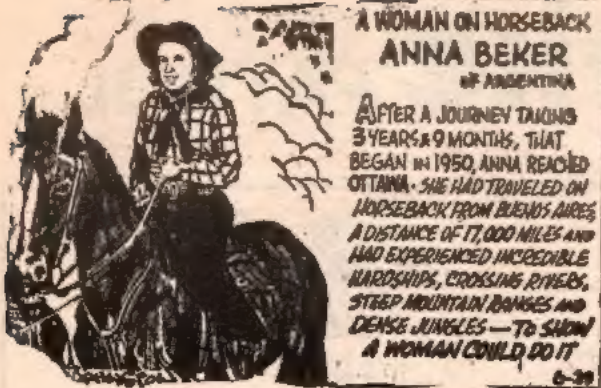
But radical lesbian sensuality is a form which I myself am helping to create. It is not an institution existing outside of me, like sex is. It is me, us, as it comes out of our new consciousness.

--reprinted from
Lavender Vision

(See p.9)

The Pig, the Prick and the **dyke** PATROL





Acknowledgement

The article, "VD: fairy tales can come true, it can happen to you," which appeared in the winter '72 joint issue of the Other Woman, Belly Full, and Velvet Fist consisted of excerpts from the VD Handbook, written and edited by Donna Cherniak and Allan Feingold and published and administered by the Handbook Collective, which also issues the Birth Control Handbook. Their mailing address is:

VD Handbook/Birth
Control Handbook
P.O. Box 1000, Station G
Montreal 130, P.Q.



Women who worked on this issue were: Ellen, Holly, Myra, Alexa, Rowena, Margo, Betty, Elaine. Photo credits for pages 1 and 20 to Holly Devor.



AUGUST and JULY : a review

"August and July," the long-awaited film about "two women in love --- with each other," has finally appeared. It began a week's run at Cinecity in Toronto on Friday, April 6.

As a film designed to show movement or action the less said about "August and July," the better. Criticism of the film by professional film critics has been uniformly negative. Yet I, as a lesbian, am glad the film was made.

Although there is no real action, just some shots of country-landscapes, a few glimpses of one of the women, Alexa Dewiel chopping wood or sweeping the floor, and although much of the dialogue is weak, the film leaves us with something priceless: an unsensational and relatively non-sexist portrayal of two women who love each other and build a relationship on the basis of that love.

The film gives evidence of both great sensitivity and insensitivity. Most of the sensitivity can be discovered in remarks which Alexa makes, remarks about women, about love between women, and about herself. One might wish that the initial scene of the film, where Alexa talks of her childhood bad experience with a friend's father, had been deleted. It contributes to nothing except the all too prevalent male mythology that women turn to other women for love only when they have been hurt, disappointed or frightened by a man. This myth is current among males and male-identified women, but is also singularly untrue.

Unfortunately that first scene is likely to overshadow in the minds of the audience what Alexa says later in the film about the power of a force necessary to bring two women together. Only those who have felt such a force are likely to have paid attention to and retained that comment.

One might wish that certain comments by Sharon Smith, the other woman in the film, had not been included, especially those where she speaks enthusiastically about raping a woman. Certainly there were other sequences in the film which were deleted that might have presented a less questionable view of Sharon.

One regrets that once again a film that attempts to portray two women as central characters has failed to do anything more than show two girls interacting on a relatively superficial level with nothing more in their minds or feelings than their absorption with each other. The creativity, ability and seriousness of the two women for their work i.e. Sharon's discipline towards her music and Alexa's perseverance as a writer are completely passed over.

My confusion as to the depth of their personalities was increased by the confusion of filming techniques. Harkowitz does not make clear that rather than using strict documentary technique he has severely edited and manipulated his footage. The judgement that an uninformed viewer will make on the two women, their lives and their relationship should actually be placed on the feelings and manipulations of the director.

Although I have not seen the portions of film which were edited out, my main criticism of the film pertains to the editing, to the selection of some scenes which conveyed little or nothing, and to the choice of some which were distinctly sexist or sensationalist. But then again, a man produced and directed the film, and it was intended to appeal to male audiences rather than to a lesbian like me.

Despite its manifold weaknesses, however, the film is valuable, and one can only hope that it sets a precedent for more films on the same topic in an honest non-sexist manner.

BURLESQUE

CLOSED BY
WOMEN'S LIBERATION

349 St. Paul St.
#3
St. Catharines, Ont.

FEM (Feminist Encounter Movement) is a small and very young but active organization in St. Catharines. We would like to share a recent experience with you. The Brock University Student Union recently decided to sponsor a rock concert featuring a group called "Mainline". This group's most popular feature is the "Bump and Grind Review" featuring strippers and exotic dancers 'bumping and grinding' to rock music. As publicity for their show they were to have several of these nude women handing out pamphlets in the halls of Brock U. A male supporter of our cause on the Student Union attempted to defeat the motion to endorse them. He tried to persuade the others to vote against it also, but without enough success. The vote was 6 for, 4 against, 1 abstention. Our group met the next evening and we went into immediate action. While our male supporter continued to voice his opposition within the Brock community, we made posters criticizing the Unions endorsement. We began circulating petitions in order to stop the 'Publicity Stunt'. We set up a plan to write articles in the Brock paper to keep the issue in the forefront. Finally we encouraged all student members of FEM to raise the issue with everyone they spoke with at Brock.

Our aim was not based on moralistic ideals but on our opposition to such stunts as sexist plays for money. After about a week our cause lost momentum. A few of us continued but the whole question of why we were against the appearance of 'Bump and Grind' brought us to a halt. The ideas were finally discussed and the result was a letter to the Brock Press attempting to clarify our position in everyone's eyes, including ours.

The differences were very basic and in some instances moralistic and emotional. Some of these feelings are still not settled, but the important one was agreed upon. It did not matter if the women were inside or outside the theatre, or whether they wore hot pants, tight jeans or nothing at all. Their female bodies were being used to promote the Bump and Grind Review, and although their wages are more attractive than a clerk, the only ones who would benefit financially would be the owners of the group.

With this idea settled we proceeded with working on the plan of action. There was speculation made within the university security organization as to whether or not we were going to demonstrate -

actually we had not planned to unless it was considered necessary and we had some support. Our radical sisters of the past and their previous demonstrations struck fear into status conscious and security minded groups. Some letters began to appear in the student newspaper - the general gist being: "I'm a big boy now and I'll look at naked women if I decide to". (We also noticed that only men responded to this issue, but for one woman's tongue in cheek, who supported us to a degree.) We had planned an articulate, intellectual article to answer the criticisms but found it difficult to get together to write it, so one member wrote a gut-reaction letter to the editor instead.

A few days later we discovered that Security had demanded the Student Union to post a \$2,000 bond to cover damages and that Mainline had decided the theatre was too small and they cancelled their engagement.

Although there were a few concrete reasons why Mainline did not come we cannot help but feel some sense of satisfaction. We raised the issue and made people think about it including the Security. To many we brought to their attention a whole new idea - the exploitation of women. Some-

thing women have taken for granted and that men have expected, for too long.

Although many of us ran out of enthusiasm and doubted our own convictions we were able to act immediately and got many women involved for a short time. We do not know why FEM members faded out of existence around the issue, perhaps it was inexperience in working as a group and as leaders that was the problem. We felt it was necessary to share our experience with other women, to see if they have run into these problems and also if they have had Mainline in their city, or perhaps they are expecting them. We'd like to know what other groups might have done or did. Let us hear what you have to say. Too many women work in isolation and this is the only way to become part of a large movement.

Yours in struggle,
Judith Brooke.



Editorial notes to "Smash
Phallic Imperialism"

"Smash Phallic Imperialism" came across to me as a very ambiguous article. It deals with new definitions of sensuality and sexuality and I liked and agreed with that analysis, but I think primary relationships with women are important as well as our ability to be close and affectionate with a lot of women. The struggle and commitment involved in a deep relationship with another woman also involves rethinking of values inculcated into us by heterosexual relationships: like monogamy, faithfulness, possession against organic, committed relationships that can deal with our individual changes and need for freedom and self-expression.

It struck me that women loving other women's bodies might easily turn into objectification of other women: that's something that we've already had to take from men too much and too long.
Rowena.

It is a very important step in self respect and self-love that women have begun to accept and like their own and other women's bodies. To enjoy the infinite variety of our bodies does not mean to separate and be attracted to one variation, but to rid our selves of our fear and classification of our selves primarily through competition, objectification and fear of other women's bodies.
Ellen.

SABOTAGE ?

The following are a few of the places in Toronto which display women's bodies for the entertainment of sexually perverted men:

Patio Health Club 967-1529
Cav-a-bob Supper Club and Lounge 363-5374

Friar's Tavern 362-6693

Le Strip 863-0001

Les Girls 864-1192

Starvin Marvin's Burlesque

Palace 864-9030

Victory Burlesque Theatre 368-5006

Warwick Hotel Toronto Ltd. 368-1131

Zanzibar Tavern 366-6652

Jingles Photo Palace 868-0324

We do not suggest that you phone these numbers and harass them, or phone in bomb threats from untapped phones, or phone in fake police raids, or fake women raids, or phone from a booth and leave the receiver off the hook, because if every woman who reads The Other Woman did this once a week to every place listed, it would be very bad for their business besides being highly illegal (although safe if the phone isn't tapped). So instead we suggest that you write a letter to your Member who could probably convey your displeasure directly to the owner of whichever place he frequents.

FREE OUR SISTERS. FREE
OURSELVES.

-Thanks to Pedestal for
the idea for this.

10
MOTORCYCLE-DYKE SONG

When I was small
and the question came
(shortly after 'What's your name?')
"What do you want to be when you
grow up and are big like me?"
I had to lie from lack of choices,
hearing the mockery of voices
saying that I could not be:
a street car driver,
baseball-player,
pilot, gunsmith or bricklayer;
because I was a girl I could be
nothing in the world, that anyone
would want to be -
so I lied to them and I lied to me

But now that I'm not quite so
small (twenty-four years old in all)
finally it's time to say,
I know what I want to be today.

I want to play on my guitar and sing
for us all as we go to war, to win
against the chains we wear
and all of those who'd keep them there
I want to write us poems and songs
to keep all sisters proud and strong
to drink to all our sisters' healths:
love our sisters, love ourselves,
so we'll keep fighting 'til
we're done, making the women's revolution;

I want to ride a motorbike
to be a motorcycle-dyke,
with a leather jacket and a knife
riding free across my life

I want to have a gun or two,
just for protecting me and you
from those who'd take us from
ourselves and lock us on our house-
hold shelves.

I want to struggle 'til we've won
the fight for our women's revolution.

COURAGE

is so diverse a woman
daughter of fear and claustrophobia
sister of desperation
and mother of realities.

Always IN EXTREMIS

I was
constantly
under threat
of annihilation,
lack of realization

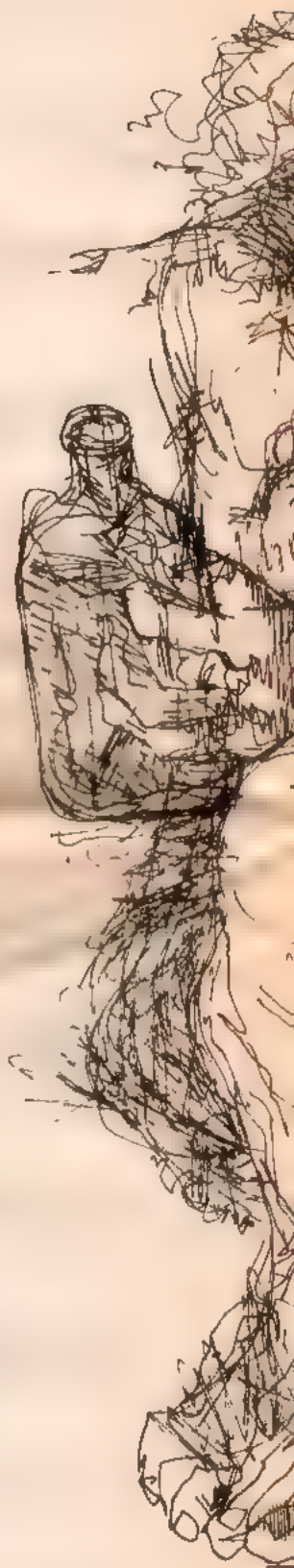
that I was
only one
of many

IN EXTREMIS

but now
that I know
it is no longer

COMPLETELY

so



I always
dread, for

POETRY

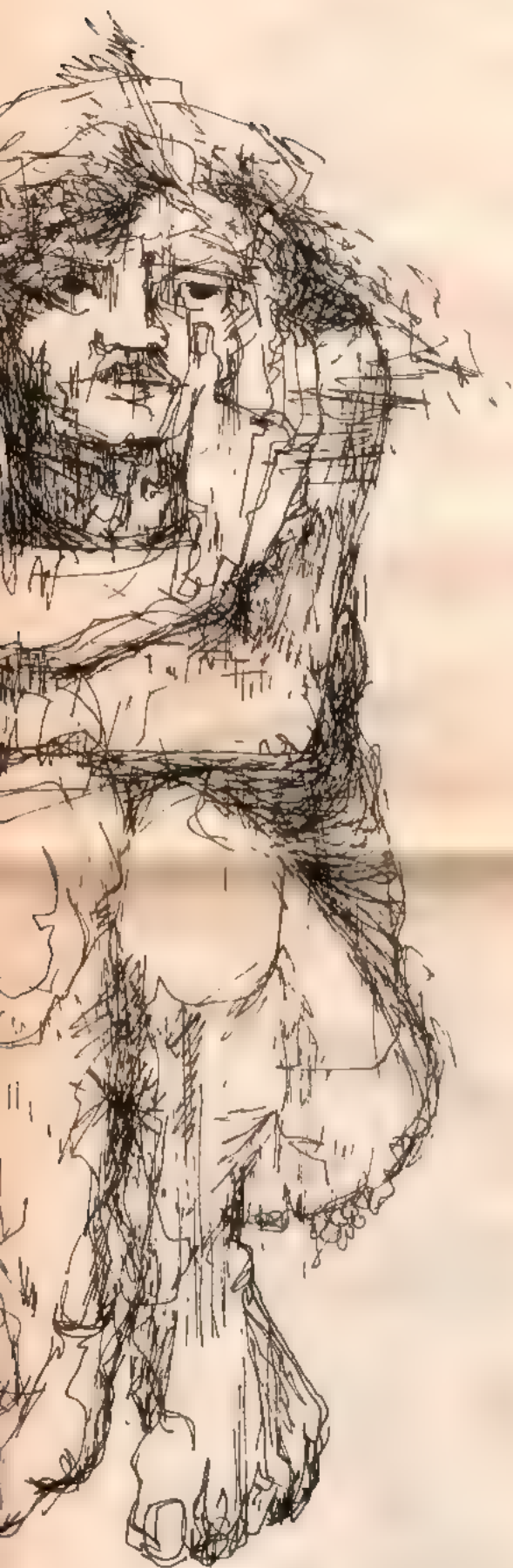
by
Myra

ion

An old friend of the family,
having noticed the direction
my affection
takes,

became incensed
and felt called upon
to warn me
that loving women
is NOTHING NOTHING NOTHING

So I was not surprised to hear
a short time later,
less than a year,
that nothing is holy



HKL Lawrence

I know
no matter what those men say
who have made them,
poems can never come to be
messages of rejoicing
until this world is turned on its head,
woman recovered and raised to be free,
until recognition replaces the dread
fixed on the faces of those who face me

SOMEWHERE
hidden behind the hatred of me
that I so often see
in the eyes of women who know,
And locked within those selves
that Scorn
me now

lead a fear: terror since I am a mirror which does not distort,
in my eyes they see themselves,

I always know there is that Knowledge
that they are me anyhow.

¹²
**LOOKING FOR
FREEDOM**

*Looking for
freedom*



Gillian 8 years



FURTHER THOUGHTS ON COMING OUT

Speeding speeding through the bush, images flying by - shapes, shadows in the wood. But the shapes and shadows in my head! i worry, i worry. Is this really freedom? Freedom to be me. What is me? Do i have a me? Ah, Springtime - filler of life, giver of hope, Running away? No, not any more. It's a going forward, a coming-out.

i'm coming i'm coming i'm coming-out to you (?) to me! Oh glorious me, no more shuffling, no more apologies. You will like me this time, i will like myself this time. My one experience, so agonizing, but removed from my new, my real, coming-out. That wasn't me, there was no me. Me me me.... no longer on my knees, on my head - upside down and all around, whirling in confusion. But you were good i can't deny you i'm glad i knew you and i will know you once more. i would have said a half year ago that i will know you with an intensity, with a desire, that will rape me, strip me bare. And your small round breasts the velvety smoothness of your warm inviting body your own inner frailty that would always scare me holds an attraction still. i care i care, i shouldn't care. Who are you anyway? No longer walking in your shadow, i am me alone i am me in a crowded party i am me, naked, with one other.

Speeding on. Gotta get away. Taking a holiday having a good time seeing the world. Testing my strength learning about other women, learning about myself. (Old and dear friend of mine: so far but so close to my heart still - who am i fooling?) i'm lost, i'm lost! Doing things without a why! A self-search? Unwillingness to let a love go - to let it die in peace? Unwillingness to deal with my sexual fantasies toward other women? Such a lie to say there is no longer a whirling confusion in my head, only degrees, only degrees. iluviluv - you, you and you. Love - i hate i hate that loathesome word. i will turn myself into a cocoon, a spidery web - catching but never being caught.

Leaving Edmonton - growing closer. (Well, old and dear friend of mine: Will sirens blow, drums roll? Will we throw ourselves into joyful embrace? Kiss your lips and close my eyes to see a series of thundering and dinning lights flash before me?) i want it, no i don't want it. (What is this it?) Not with you, not with anybody. (But will you have curly hair, long hair, will you be quiet - will you like me?) Oh no, i cry out to the Goddess - who likes me? who desires me? Nobody, nobody. This is my new freedom?

**OR
THE**

**TRANS-
CANADA**

This is wrong, this is all wrong. i didn't want to say this at all. What relevance does this have to anybody but me. My writing is nothing. Inspired to write - a thought an idea a spark to kindle me, to not let my mind be at rest until it is on paper, until i have a glowing feeling of satisfaction. My writing is nothing i say, halfway there, but i cannot stop. For whom am i writing? i have a diary but this baring of soul is not for my diary. Who cares to know my style, my images created - so alone, so isolated, this person sitting in a corner always writing, passive and distant. Who the fuck cares? A writer is a writer, a writer makes money from writing, a writer is to be published. Who is there who will do more than superficially praise my words, my words that have meant long sleepless nights of struggle? Sisterhood, Sisterhood, you make me sick! Sisters - i love you all! But love me, don't support me. Love my writing, hate my writing but don't ignore my writing. Hear me, read me, label me. I am a Writer.

Leaving Vancouver for springtime in California. Where they say, they have beautiful women who love to be loved. An i want to love them all. Not love but loving. How easy to be sensual and sexual with beautiful women listening and dancing to music, holding hands, brushing lips, caressing bellybuttons, pulling an ear, a toe. How much easier than to be back home with women who one works with and to say let's sleep together; sometimes, i would like to feel your body against mine and hear my heart flutter.



**HIGHWAY
BLUES**

Such fucking entanglements! So easy to be loving than to love. No more love for me, please.

You who are already a Lesbian - how I have despicably used you as a barometer in my stormy search for self. Nevermore. So much lost time. What have i done, not done, to you? to myself? To run away - these arms of mine still wait.

You who are not yet a Lesbian - well don't run away, but do you know my desire, do you know how i would like to stroke your foot early in the morning? no big thing, really, when you are ready. Ah but it is! i want you!

(When will there be an end to the personal? Why must one hassle out the personal over and over with no time for the political that means an end and a beginning for the new Woman? How can one grasp hold, throw down the anchor, stop sliding?)

How stupid this is! i must stop wanting, i must start giving. i must not cut myself off but only end it for awhile. i am going nowhere this way - living in fantasies from my dark bed. Yes, i will be political. (Does anyone know what that means?) I will be a Political Writer.

So, i knock on a door in San Francisco and, she hugs me and i hug her and she says, it's good to see you, come in. i come in and come out all at once. Because i say: Hello, it's good to see you too but i have many things to do. So goodbye for now; maybe we will meet again.

By Pat Leslie

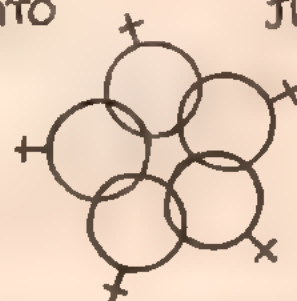
WOMENS' FILM FESTIVAL

From June 8-17, Women & Film of 9A Charles St., and friends from all over the globe are having an international film festival at the St. Lawrence Centre. Approximately 150 films, feature length and short, Canadian and other, will be shown daily from 1 PM. to 11 PM. Also planned are workshops related to film making, photography exhibits by Canadian women, video tapes, fun, free. Day Care volunteers needed. For further information, call 964-9562.

ONE DAY LESBIAN CONFERENCE

TORONTO

JUNE 30



FOR FURTHER INFORMATION
CALL MARCY AT 465-8330

UNION RUN BY WOMEN

SERVICE, OFFICE AND RETAIL WORKERS OF CANADA (SORWUC)

THE SERVICE OFFICE AND RETAIL WORKERS' OF CANADA WAS FORMED IN VANCOUVER OCT. 22, 1972 BY WOMEN WHO WORK IN THOSE INDUSTRIES. THE UNION IS ESPECIALLY CONCERNED WITH THE NEEDS OF WOMEN WORKERS WHO ARE THE MAJORITY OF EMPLOYEES IN THESE OCCUPATIONS AND ARE MOSTLY NOT UNIONIZED.

OBJECTIVES - FROM OUR CONSTITUTION:

1. SORWUC believes that everyone who works should earn enough to provide a decent living for her/himself and her/his family.
2. The union will bargain collectively on behalf of its members to bring about fair wage standards, to reduce the differences between the lowest and the highest rates, and to assure equal pay or comparable work for all, regardless of sex, age, marital status, race, religion or national origin.
3. The union will strive to improve working conditions of members, to maximize the opportunities for personal fulfillment in the work situation of all members, and to reduce working hours and eliminate overtime.
4. The union will work to ensure job security for all members and to end discrimination in hiring and promotion.
5. Within the community, the union will work for the establishment of political and social equality, for free parent controlled child care centres, for community control of schools, for community health services, against price and rent increases which erode the gains made through collective bargaining.
6. The union will encourage unionization of unorganized workers and will charter local unions, maintaining at all times the principles of local autonomy and democracy within the national union and its local unions.

OUTLINE OF CERTIFICATION PROCEDURES

1. Signing of union cards: More than 50% of employees in the bargaining unit must sign cards. Should be considerably more, case some are disqualified.
2. Cards are received by Labor Relations Board, who sends notice to Management. Management may contest certification on grounds of:
 - A) Illegal labor practice (i.e., Signing people up on work time); or
 - B) Contention that majority of workers do not want to join union (may request that government hold representation vote)
3. Management must post notice that unit has applied for certification.
4. Labor Dept. officer inspects management records (Basically time sheets or payroll) and validity of union cards and union books (initiation fees). Then he reports to the Labor Relations Board, recommending certification or denial of certification.



across

3. I Am in Latin
4. Jewish Matriarch
6. The Key to Survival without ♂
10. Precedes nancy
12. Approach
13. A symbol and object; N.J. ___
14. Killer of Agamemon, defender of Mother-Right, Rebel against Matriarchy
16. Leave
17. For example
19. She's a witch
22. Queen of Egypt-One time ruler of Caesar, Antony, Ptolemy XIII, XIV
24. The one around us is sexist so we make our own
25. A minor patriarch
26. myopic eyes are _____ sighted
27. Not necessarily the same as sex
31. Pollution
32. Possessive Pronoun

33. She betrayed the furies and sided with patriarchy. Daughter of Zeus
35. One of the world's greatest agriculturists, E. Cora _____
37. Continent., Abbrev.
38. A leader in battle, a Pope, a saint and martyr
39. Male hatred of women
41. Cold water
42. Deface
44. I
45. a way to enlarge a family
47. a pronoun losing renown
48. self-love, self-objectification
51. throw a line
52. 2 of 28 down
53. iron
54. She explained some things about women writers
58. eccentric
60. an ancient judge of Israel
61. She opened the box, brought sexuality to the world
62. point
63. Jew, slang.

down

1. practice fight
2. fight back
3. the woman who brought us knowledge (bib.)
5. It'll warm your innards
6. When a woman has it she is called mad or men steal the credit
7. impersonal pronoun
8. Where society puts those who break the rules
9. reprimand
11. an author of History of Woman's Suffrage with Anthony & Stanton
14. The woman's half of the double standard
15. said "Ain't I a Woman?"
18. the past is her _____
19. discussed the question with Lenin
20. There, German
21. Archaic sexual taboo based on possession of 1 person by another
23. part of Ont. Place
27. Travelling American Suffragist Speakers
28. half an en
29. kind of Buddhism
30. Freud's mystical dream-world
31. feminist poet
34. sticks & stones can break his bones but _____ will never change him
35. author of "Well of Loneliness"
36. Virginia _____, sex researcher
40. ☺ Have a _____ day.
42. possessive pronoun
43. a way to make love
46. on top
47. It's not so sweet for the woman
49. a in english
50. South American civilization
51. A fish whose liver is nutritious
53. an animal, a movie
54. question
55. Simone de Beauvoir's new book about this kind of age
56. Lure
58. Accomplish
59. Mother

C
R
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D

Ed. Notes:

Due to circumstances beyond our control, the last crossword was out of control.

EXTRA

FROM RAT
NEW YORK CITY

VERY PLEASURABLE POLITICS

IT is time for all of us to learn to love ourselves, to learn how to make love to ourselves. This is the first step in learning to love others and give pleasure to others. To be able to touch our bodies and experience pleasure, not shame or guilt, is part of the struggle to integrate our bodies and minds. Our hands, our feet, our *bodies*, our minds are tools for change.

Masturbation is not something to do just when you don't have a lover. It's different from, not inferior to, sex for two. It's also the first, easiest and most convenient way to experiment with your body. It's a way to find out what feels good, with how much pressure, at what tempo, and how often. You also don't have to worry about someone else's needs or opinions of you. The more you know about your body, the easier it is to show someone else what gives you pleasure.

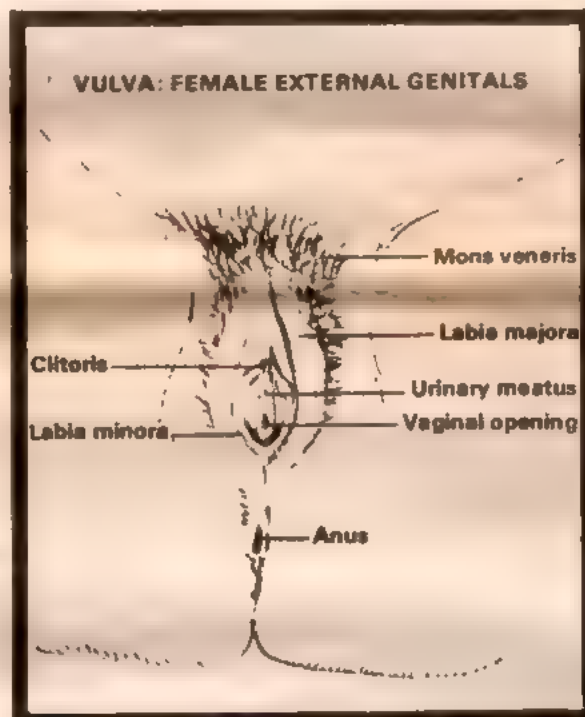
To masturbate you have to know something about your body, and in particular about your clitoris (klit'-o-ris). It is the centre of most sexual stimulation. It functions like the penis in a man. When it is rubbed up and down rhythmically, you get excited. The clitoris is where *all* female orgasms happen, whether by masturbation, intercourse or fantasy.

In order to find your clitoris, arrange a good light, take a mirror, and identify all parts described, and shown in the diagram. To find it, the thighs must be separated wide enough for comfortable vision. Then, if two fingers hold apart the larger lips, a mucus membrane-covered hood will be seen immediately inside the front end of the space between the larger lips. The hood can be gently drawn back by the fingertips, and inside will be seen a small smooth rounded body (sometimes it is very small—only just visible) that will glisten in a good light. This is the clitoris.

Its root runs upward under the hood and the junction of the outer lips, and extends for about an inch. The two inner lips begin in the mid-line close together just under the clitoris and extend down and below on each side of the smooth space in the middle and come to an end by facing away at about the middle of the ring-shaped opening which is the entrance to the vagina.

After carefully and thoroughly identifying all the exterior parts, it is next necessary to prove at first hand the truth of the statement that the clitoris does possess a unique kind of sensitivity. It is best to do this with something other than your finger, because the fingertip is naturally, itself sensitive to touch, and if it is used, there may be a confusion of effect between the feeling finger and the part felt. Any small smooth object will do such as an uncut pencil, a toothbrush handle, a Q-tip etc. The procedure is one of comparison of response by very light touches. One hand separates the outer labia without touching the inner ones, and the other

"The more you know about your body, the easier it is to show someone else what gives you pleasure"



hand holding the object touches first one inner lip and then the other, and then the clitoris through or under its hood.

If hand movements are watched in the mirror, it is easy to get touches accurately in the right place but without a mirror and a good light it is not easy, because an inexperienced woman has practically no sense of position if she tries to use a finger unguided by her eyes. The effect observed is that the instant the clitoris is touched a peculiar and characteristic sensation is experienced which is different in essence from touches on the labia or anywhere else. This difference has to be experienced; it cannot be described in words.

The clitoris needs rhythmic friction. Without rhythmic friction no sexual sensations are possible to man or to woman... it is no exaggeration to say that since the clitoris is the essential organ of sexual sensation in women, and that rhythmic friction is the only stimulation to which it can react, orgasm failure at the outset of sexual experience is unavoidable if the clitoris is not discovered and constantly stimulated.

Some women masturbate by moistening their finger (with either saliva or juice from the vagina) and rubbing it around and over the clitoris. The rhythmic caressing finger movements of the clitoral region can be designed to include adjacent areas of the vagina and then the two areas can function as a unit. There is probably an indefinite number of ways this can be done. It will be enough to suggest four.

First, a downward stroke beginning just above the root of the clitoris, passing over the clitoris and on down the mid-line, into the vaginal entrance, following the front wall of the passage and ending a little way inside.

Second, the reverse of the first, a movement beginning inside front vaginal wall and coming up and out along the mid-line, over the clitoris and back to where the first movement started. A rhythm of these two alternating movements carries strong suggestion that the clitoris and vaginal entrance are being treated as one and not two places of sensitive response.

The third movement is based on a frequent observation that the first area of the vagina to become sensitively alive, is a band just inside the front wall in the middle an inch or so from side to side and extending about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in. Gently stretching movements of this front part of the ring of the vaginal entrance seem to give strongest stimulation. Two finger tips can easily be slid into place and gently and rhythmically moved to stretch the front edges of the vaginal ring.

The fourth: describe a circle with the fingertips with the clitoris and the vagina on the circumference.

Some women masturbate by crossing their legs and exerting steady and rhythmic pressure on the whole genital area. A smaller number learn by developing muscular tension through their bodies, resembling the tensions developed in the motion of intercourse. Some ways of doing this is by climbing up a pole or a rope or even chinning on parallel bars. Other techniques for masturbating include using a pillow or blanket instead of a hand, a stream of water, and electric vibrators. Some women find their breasts erotically sensitive, and rub them while rubbing the clitoris (don't forget the rest of your body — try to get into caressing your own body). It's nice sometimes to make up sexual fantasies while masturbating. Some women like to insert something in the vagina while masturbating, (like a finger or vibrator) but few women get more satisfaction out of vaginal penetration than they do from clitoral stimulation.

If you have never masturbated, or have but still feel hung up about it, don't feel confined to these techniques. Finding what *you* like to do is what it's all about. Think about it for a while, relax, try it a little at a time — try to get into it. Here are some additional suggestions some of us came up with that we have found groovy to get in the mood:

- 1 — take a bath;
- 2 — get stoned;
- 3 — listen to some good music
- 4 — make sure you have lots of space to roll around in;
- 5 — have some furry warm blanket or something that feels good against your skin;
- 6 — use baby oil, powder, creamy lotion.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CHANGING THE WORLD

WOMEN'S LIBERATION 'ACROSS CANADA

- NFLD.:** The Woman's Place
144 Duckworth St.
St. John's, Nfld.
- N.B.:** c/o Linda Gow
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- QUEBEC:** Quebecoises
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Toronto 929-3185
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c/o Millie Lamb
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N.B. If you would like to be listed, please send us your address.

The
WOMEN'S
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929-3185

WARDAIR STRIKE

The strike by Wardair stewardesses is over. Wage demands have been met by Wardair and duty days are now being negotiated. Success of the strike is due totally to the strength of the stewardesses whose smiling public image was one of their major problems in illiciting support even on their own picket lines. Sandy North, negotiator for the stewardesses, said that the women at first found themselves automatically smiling politely at their opposition when their overriding emotion was anger. Wardair has promoted some of the scabs to supervisory positions, which must be difficult to stomach. However, the stewardesses are having the last word in mid air, serving cold coffee and burned food to the flight crews who were unsupportive during the strike.

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Scarlet Letter

I N S P A I N

COMMENTS + BOOK REVIEW

THEY SHALL NOT PASS

was the battle cry of the Spanish Republic as it fought for six years and finally went down under Franco's dictatorship. Fascism took over in a long bloody fight that many of our mothers and fathers joined in but too late. Europe sacrificed Spain as a training ground for Hitler's air, ground and naval troops.

They Shall Not Pass is the background and story of the Spanish Civil War and the autobiography of LA PASIONARIA the tremendous resistance leader DOLORES IBARRURI.

It is important that we read this book to gain an understanding of Spanish women's lives. It is her life story and her awakening as a strong revolutionary woman in a time when the progressive and reactionary forces in her country were polarizing.

LA PASIONARIA was born daughter of a mining family. She fought to educate herself and become a teacher but "after completing the first 2 years, my adolescent dreams faded, in the face of hard economic realities; books, food, clothes were all expenses my parents simply could not continue to meet. So I transferred to a dressmaking academy for 2 years. After this apprenticeship I worked as a domestic for 3 years in the homes of local business men. At 20, seeking liberation from drudgery in other people's homes, I married a miner..."

"My mission in life was "fulfilled" I could not, ought not,

aspire to more. Women's goal, her only aspiration had to be matrimony and the continuation of the joyless, dismal, pain-ridden thralldom that was our mother's lot; we were supposed to dedicate ourselves wholly to giving birth, to raising our children and to serving our husbands who, for the most part, treated us with complete disregard."

All around her were women trapped in the same circumstances broken by her children and husband who in turn were and are broken in the mines and in the fields.

As she began to read Marxist literature, her Catholic theology became obviously one of the chains binding and rationalizing her people's powerless lives. She began to understand and identify the strikes and miners struggle around her.

They Shall Not Pass is the story of a radical transformation of a simple working class woman bound in by all the customs of a severely patriarchal system. Women as virgins, mothers and men as gods. This herstory had no magical ending but takes her life & that of the Spanish people right up until the last fight in 1939.

It is also important because she speaks as a member of the Communist Party as she sees the position of the Trotskyists, the Anarchists and the Social Democrats in an ongoing struggle.

This book is important because it demystifies history and brings us a deeper understanding and lessons from the Spanish people. Their struggle did not end, it was only brutally repressed. Today the embers are beginning to glow brighter.

Today meetings between more than 10 persons are illegal without the permission of a

government permit, unions are illegal, even though few women ever get to go to the school which are all private and expensive, even though women are still seen as virgins, mother, madonna's. Women are still getting together.

Over the March 28th weekend there was a conference on the growing resistance movement in Spain today. In a workshop on women workers in Spain, there was discussed the double oppression of women as workers and as women. The Spanish women were very strong and clear that the primary enemy of all their people was dictatorship and fascism. The need for solidarity in their struggle was understood, but there was strategic disagreements on how women in Spain would joint in that struggle. There were arguments for the necessity of autonomous women's organizations not to fragment the united front but to widen the front and draw in women who otherwise could not or would not see how they related to the struggle. The second point brought up was that reactionary attitudes exist within radical men and that it is necessary to struggle for the freedoms of women within the movement as an integral part of fighting for freedom. Only by women united at the bottom of the volcano can women really fire the whole sky bright red.

Our Spanish sisters and brothers need our support in their fight for basic freedoms. We can also learn from LA PASIONARIA and women who have come before us in other countries. The Women's Movement must reach out and build unity around the world.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT
CANADIAN COMMITTEE FOR A
DEMOCRATIC SPAIN
BOX 1227, STATION Q, TORONTO

READ

They Shall Not Pass

The Autobiography of LA PASIONARIA
Dolores Ibarruri: International
Publishers

FEMINIST SPEAKERS FROM:

ITALY and ENGLAND

MARIAROSA DELLA COSTA

SELMA JAMES

AUTHORS OF: WOMEN the UNIONS
and WORK OF...
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SUBVERSION of the COMMUNITY WHAT IS NOT TO BE
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letter page



The letter printed below is my response to my situation in grad school. The article on Women in Grad School by Myra that appeared in the last issue of the paper is concerned with the same problems as I state in this letter. My solution, to quit, may seem negative in comparison to the call for solidarity at the end of the article. However, in spite of criticism that quitting school is a cop-out I see this move as positive. Outside grad school I can work with and for women helping us recognize we can live our own lives without male sanctions. Inside school it is a non-stop minute by minute battle against male professors and often students too who want to keep me quiet. I am sick and tired of sticking my head out into the games and trivia of male academia just to be ignored or put down again for being relevant, personal or real.

I had support for sticking my neck out from Myra, who was in the same department as me. But two people is not enough solidarity to go on. There's nothing there to go on for if you're a woman anyway. Let the men carry on their academic trips. Let us work for something other than the patronising gift of a Ph.D or an M.A. from the male academic establishment; let's work for women, not men.

42 River Street
Toronto 2, Ontario

Dear Professor Catholy,

I have decided I shall not be continuing my studies in the New Year and I would like to withdraw from the M.A. programme now.

My reasons for discontinuing are presented below. I enclose a copy of this letter for members of the Graduate Faculty. I would like it to be circulated at the next Graduate Faculty meeting. I am also sending a copy to the Association of Graduate Students of German. I consider that my dissatisfaction does not stem from a 'personal' problem but from a general malaise that expresses itself everywhere in our society including the Graduate Department of German. Consequently I would like to be heard.

Professors and students here are concerned with the study of literature for its sake alone. From talking to professors and from observation I understand that men study literature for various reasons: because it is intellectually stimulating and diverting, rather like a crossword puzzle. Or it is a not too demanding way of earning money. I have been told it is challenging and rewarding. One is excited by ideas and enjoys playing with them, winning or losing arguments. That these arguments take place in learned journals that only a handful of

people read, or that the ideas are devoid of any grounding in people's lives now, seldom

bothers the professors I have spoken to. Students are motivated similarly; most study literature because they wish to have time in which to think what they want to do with their lives, or because the outside world, that world which is so different to and separate from the world of school, towers over them so frighteningly that they prefer the security of the known. The academic world is a safe place to be. Literary studies harm no one, and likewise do no one good. The promise of a job after an M.A. or a Ph.D., status and money, though at present unrealistic, can also be tantalising. Students do not drop out of school, not because they are happy with it, but because, on the whole, they have invested

so much money, time, and energy into their studies. Few people wonder whether it is legitimate to play with their time as a banker does with his money. As if our lives were one big insurance plan. This money - insurance - security mentality is typical of the dehumanized systems within which we attempt to operate, let alone live. Work, energy, intelligence and life are all part of a game. The happiest are those who have managed to forget that it's a game and take it seriously. Those who play along, tongue in cheek, are the split ones, forever playing their real lives off against their unreal work lives. No one wants to admit that it is man and not some mischievous Nephistopheles that created the contradictions.

For men it is easy to accept these things. Men are brought up to win games, achieve goals,

fight hard, take what they can and make the most of it. They are also taught to resign themselves to the double standards of our society. In most cases, it is to their advantage to do so.

It is no longer in the interests of women to be resigned. And I, as a woman will not be resigned. The identity which society thrusts upon me and all women is to be feminine, unassertive, to give way to my father, boyfriend, husband, etc., in arguments, relationships, jobs and politics, and to be subservient to my professors and teachers. This subservience is in fact encouraged and even demanded in the classroom at the same time that students are required to be independent and assertive to succeed. This is thus a contradiction between the socially-conditioned role of women and the demands of the academic world. A woman in the academic world is playing a man's game and is at the same time expected to be "feminine". She must simultaneously negate and fulfill what society demands of her.

The alternative is for a woman to understand the male-dominated character of school and to try to find her own identity over and against it. Many women in the feminist movement, including myself, are doing just that, and finding the structure and the system increasingly intolerable.

A woman who is, despite the expectations of society, a good academic is nonetheless not taken seriously, at least not as seriously as men. At most, she is given a paternal pat on the head for trying. She may, in rare instances, win admiration as a scholar, but she is almost always negated as a human being.

It would be helpful if she found support from other women, but even if that were the case she must continue to seek approval from above to be considered a good academic; that means male approval since most professors are male (although many graduate students in literature are women). Again she is trapped by her own ambition.

This is the situation that I and every other woman at university find ourselves in. Some fields of study, however, provide women with skills that will be useful in their participation in attempts to change the male supremacist system. Studying literature never changed anything. Although other professions and occupations confront women with similar problems, if not the same, it is possible and meaningful to work for change with other women outside school.

Sincerely yours,
Rowena Bennett

Heaven Help the Working Girl

Arranged by Anita Gorman & Judy Bush © 1977

1) Good morn-ing, Sir, what'll you have?
2) Thank you, Sir, you're very kind

That's how I start my day. I spend near-ly
I think I'll pass this time. We'd both be sorry

half my life In this lit-tle dim ca-fé. I
if I did Go home to your wife and kids. It's

lis-ten to their trou-bles. I try to be their
just the bottle talkin', I'm familiar with your

friend! But heaven help the working girl in a
kind! Heaven help the working girl 'Til

world that's run by men. Heaven help the working girl-the
liber-a-tion

gong gets rough in this old world. Run by men who
spend their time tellin' lies, breathin' sighs, gettin' wise, havin' cries and
drink in too much wine.



Y. S. Nasriddinova

Chairman of the Soviet of Nationalities
of the USSR Supreme Soviet

WITH THE REST OF THE PEOPLE, THE WOMEN WERE FREED

Yadgar Nasriddinova was born in 1920 into a worker's family. After graduating in 1939 from the Tashkent Railway Institute, the young Uzbek worked on the construction of the huge Fergana Canal. From 1942 she held various positions in the youth organization, the Party and the government. She was Minister of the Building Materials Industry and Vice President of the Cabinet of the Uzbek Soviet Socialist Republic. For eleven years she headed the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the Uzbek Republic. Since 1970 she has been Chairman of the Nationalities Soviet of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR.

Launch new party

Turkish gals unveil their political goals

By RODNEY PRIDER
Associated Press Writer

ISTANBUL, Turkey (AP) — A group of housewives has started a political party for women. By Turkish standards, that's a step forward for womankind although it's hardly a big advance on the women's liberation front.

Eighteen middle-aged women who launched the Turkish National Women's party a few weeks ago say they have received 2,000 applications for membership, many of them from men.

Mrs. Melike Bayburt, presiding officer, says the party's aim is to "make a stronger Turkey by developing the role of women in Turkish society, in partnership with men."

She often quotes the country's founder, Kemal Ataturk, who reformed Turkish society after World War I. He took many steps to improve the lot of women, who have been traditionally subjected by Islam to a subsidiary role in society.

SINCE THEN Turkey has been retreating on the issue of women's rights, the party maintains, and the facts tend to confirm the complaint. Polygamy has increased since 1930. In 1935, 17 women were elected to the National Assembly. Now there are only seven.

Mrs. Bayburt, 47, has five grandchildren. She knows how hard the life of Turkish women can be. She was married at 14 and had her first child a year later. Although she came from an old Ottoman family with relatively liberal views, she received no formal education as a child. After her marriage she attended night classes.

"At present women in Turkey are wives, mothers, cooks and agricultural laborers," Mrs. Bayburt says, "but they are not consulted when decisions are taken. We want to change this."

Her party, which plans to open branches in six provinces, calls for improved marriage laws, the establishment of day-care centers and a share of the decision-making for women. There are plans to campaign in remote villages and educate peasant women politically before next year's parliamentary elections.

DESPITE THESE goals, some planks of the party platform would hardly win the support of many women's libbers in the West. It states that women have the duty to "raise sons for the nation, to strengthen the country," and wants the vote restricted to citizens who can read and write.

As more than 60 per cent of Turkish women are illiterate, the latter reform could greatly reduce the new party's voting base.

Mrs. Bayburt dismisses the issue of legalized abortion as "an unimportant question" and says it is undignified for women to take to the streets to demonstrate for their rights.

Her heroine in the United States is Pat Nixon, who says set a noble example by campaigning at the side of her husband in the recent election.

Scotland's libbers whistling at men

ST. ANDREWS, Scot'land (AP) — This sedate Scottish township, renowned for its manly pursuit of pursuing golf balls over seaside dunes, is echoing to a new hunting call, the shrill whistle of women's libbers.

The girls are positioning themselves at street intersections, wolf-whistling and winking at men, asking for phone numbers, sometimes following them as they plod their weary way homeward from the 19th hole.

But the Scottish lassies aren't trying to pick up the local laddies. They're trying to teach them a sharp lesson in women's rights.

St. Andrews' women's lib group, tired of girls being propositioned in the streets,

has decided to deliver the men "a touch of their own medicine."

Along with the whistles, the 20 women who have organized the campaign give the men a pamphlet asking "How does it feel."

Most of the men told reporters they felt "rather embarrassed."

Campaign leader Diane Lee said: "We are getting it over that we do not enjoy being whistled at and propositioned."

She added that one middle-aged man tried to attack a girl making eyes at him.

"But," said the 29-year-old social worker, "we sorted that matter out very quickly."

"We put him flat on his back."

WORLD NEWS

In Italy, Abortions Are Easy—for Rich

Special to The New York Times

ROME—"It is easier for a girl to have an abortion in Italy than in any other Western country where abortion is outlawed," commented an American who had helped find doctors for two fairly well-off foreign women.

But when Silvana, a 25-year-old Roman who lives with her family, became pregnant several months ago, things were not quite so simple.

"In the first place," said Silvana, one of an estimated 800,000 to 3 million Italian women who have illegal abortions every year, "I didn't know where to get information. I certainly couldn't confide in my family doctor and my gynecologist said all he could do was to give me the name of an abortionist he'd heard of."

"Of course," she added ruefully, "he assured me I could come to him for a postoperation check-up since the abortionist would probably never want to set eyes on me again."

Money was another problem.

"I earn only about \$30 a week," she noted, "and the doctor wanted \$250. But I had no choice, so now I am paying him off in installments."

20,000 Fatalities a Year

Abortions by bona fide doctors range from about \$175 to \$500 or more for wealthy women whose willing physicians work in private clinics. Low-income women, on the other hand, are out of luck. Either they must bear the unwanted child, thus becoming "girl-mothers" in a society intolerant of unwed mothers and their offspring, or they are forced to resort to local midwives or "witches" whose remedies are risky and often fatal.

Precise statistics are hard to come by, but figures indicate that at least 20,000 women die here each year from abortion malpractices that run the gamut from the use of herbs to primitive, very unsophisticated instruments.

The Italian Ministry of Health estimates that clandestine abortions in Italy may be about 800,000 annually; women's groups who are seeking to legalize abortions insist there are as many as 3 million illegal operations a year.

(One recent study, based on interviews with 558 31-year-old married women in Rome's low-income neighborhoods, showed an incidence of two abortions for every two to three surviving children.)

Legislation last amended by the Fascists in 1930 makes abortion a crime. With both the practitioner and his client subject to jail terms of a maximum of five years and a minimum of two (reduced to one where "honor" was the motive), the topic is rarely discussed. However, the present situation appears to be tolerated by knowing authorities who, in recent years, have prosecuted only 150 to 200 people annually.

'Only Nine Months'

For the Roman Catholic Church, whose influence cannot be discounted even in the face of increasingly lenient social standards, abortion is tantamount to murder.

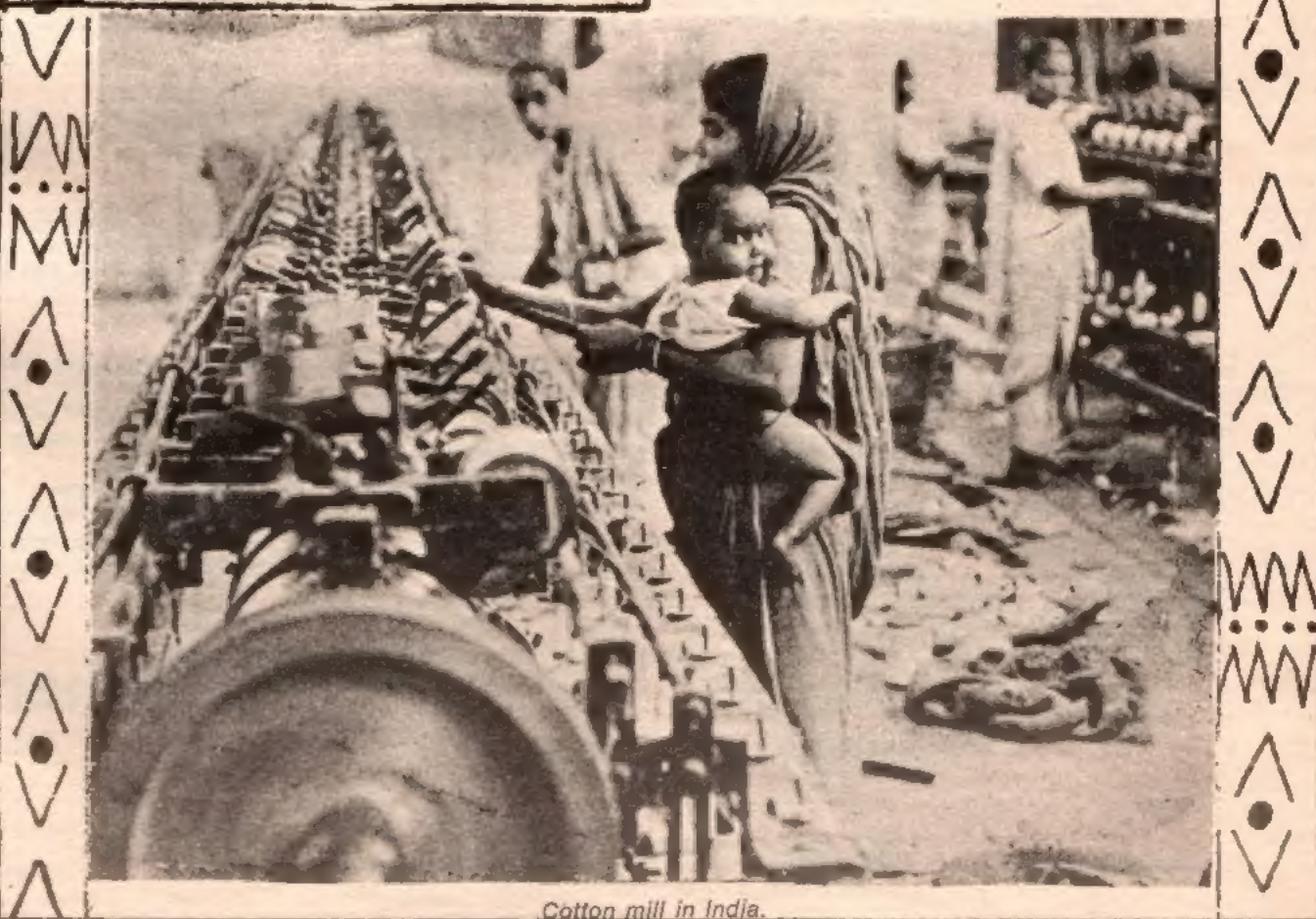
Many liberated women bristle at the attitude of the men, whom they complain "oppose abortion at any cost—to the woman, that is." One Italian, Paolo, a law school graduate who now runs his family's construction firm, said, "I don't think I'd help a girl abort. Anyway, what's the big deal? It's only nine months."

At present several Italian groups are actively campaigning for legalized abortion, with the women's liberation movement seeking to collect the 50,000 signatures needed to present a bill by "popular initiative" in the Italian Parliament.

One source of help is the Italian Association for Democratic Education, whose founder, Luigi de Marchi, provoked a lawsuit that last year led to repeal of the ban on disseminating birth-control information.

Mr. de Marchi favors legalized abortion, but he said he does not consider it useful "at this time to try and provoke a constitutional issue as we did for birth control. After all, at present a pro-abortion majority exists neither in the country at large nor in the Parliament."

Thus observers here agree that any proposal to legalize abortion would face difficulty in the foreseeable future. None of the lay parties of either the Government coalition or the Opposition are willing to take a firm position.



Cotton mill in India.